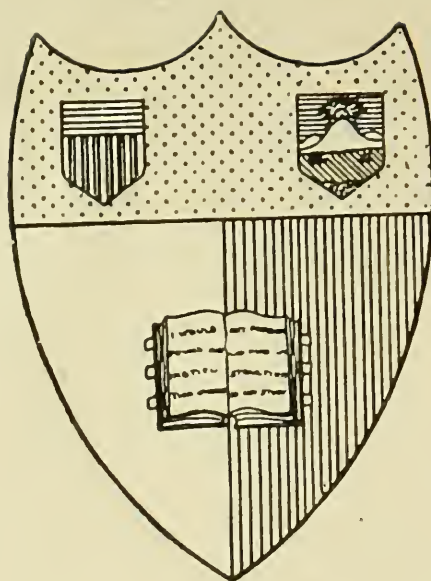


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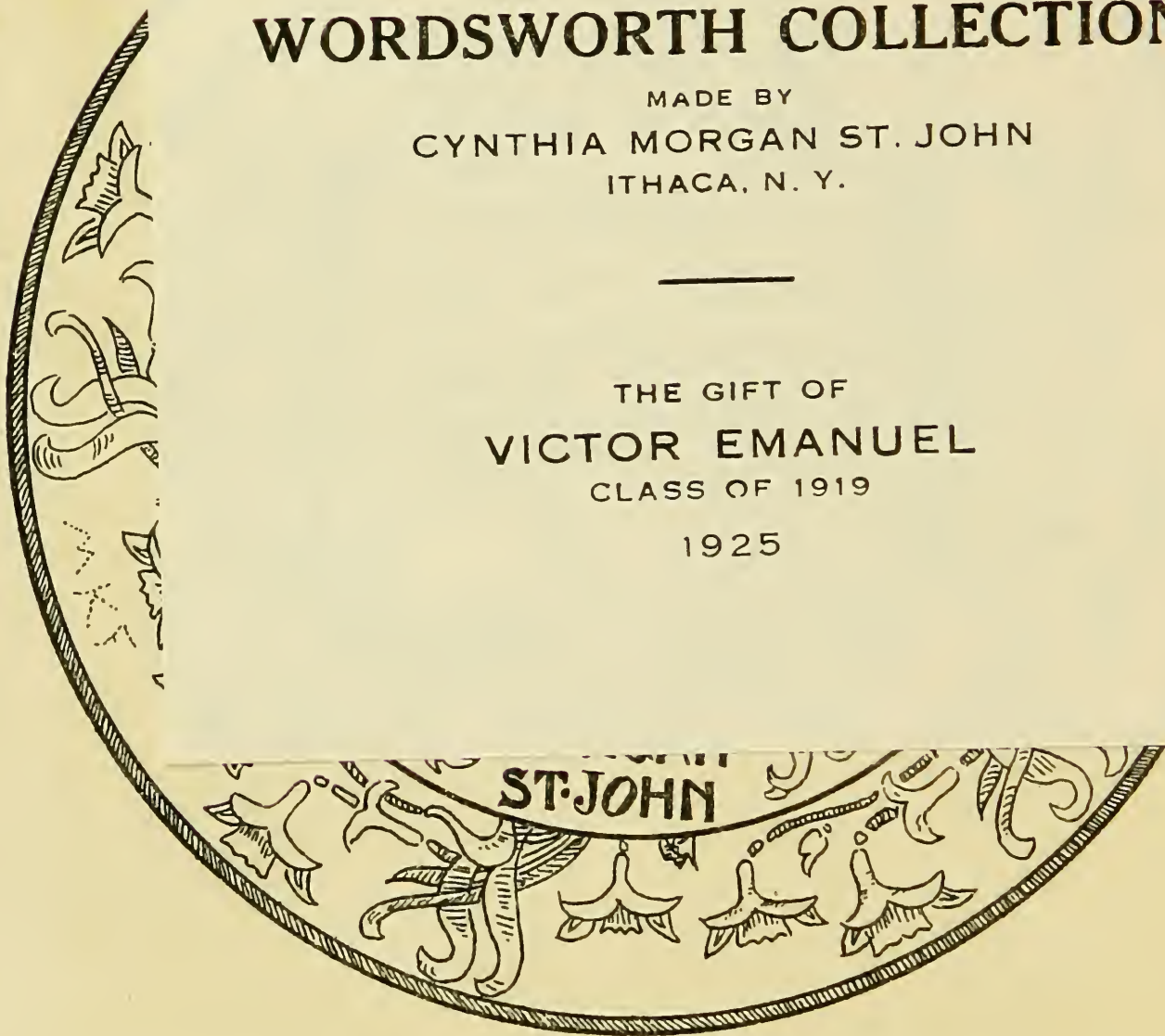
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THE
LITERARY REMAINS
OF
CATHERINE MARIA FANSHAWE.



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THE
Literary Remains
OF
Catherine Maria
Fanshawe

WITH NOTES BY
THE LATE REV. WILLIAM
HARNESS

LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
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1876

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ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE few notes which will be found in this small collection of Poems are from the hand of the late Rev. William Harness : of the Poems themselves he said that he “never turned to the little treasure he possessed in them without an earnest wish that they should, in a collected form, be rescued from the oblivion that threatened them.” With this end in view he printed a few copies ; the number must have been very limited, as I have been in search of a copy for years. He printed them, as he said, in order “that some enduring memorial may exist of one who, in her varied accomplishments, her acute perception of the beautiful, her playful fancy, her charming conversation, her gentle and retiring manners, her lively sympathy with the sorrows and joys of others, and, above all, her simple piety, was so cherished a

member of a society, not very extended, but intimately united by a common love of literature, and art, and science, which existed in London at the close of the last and the opening of the present century, and which, perhaps, taken for all in all, has never been surpassed." In reprinting his privately printed volume I am but more fully fulfilling his wish, and I should have been very glad to have enlarged the collection of his friend's literary remains, but I have failed to trace any other pieces written by her. Should, however, any person into whose hands this volume may come enable me so to do, they will greatly oblige not only myself, but some at least of the literary world. Of the merits of the poems themselves I will not speak further than to say that one of them has been long erroneously attributed to Byron, and that another is such a clever imitation of Wordsworth's style, that it deceived "a distinguished friend and admirer" of that poet.

B. M. P.

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P O E M S .

EPISTLE TO EARL HARCOURT, ON HIS WISHING HER TO SPELL THE NAME OF CATHERINE WITH A K. 1801.

AND can his antiquarian eyes,
My Anglo-Saxon *C* despise?
And does Lord Harcourt day by day,
Regret the extinct initial K?
And still with ardour unabated,
Labour to get it reinstated?
I know, my Lord, your generous passion
For every long exploded fashion;
And own the Catherine you delight in,
Looks irresistibly inviting,
Appears to bear the stamp and mark
Of English used in Noah's Ark;

“ But all that glitters is not gold,”
Not all things obsolete are old.
Would you but take the pains to look
In Dr. Johnson's quarto book
(As I did, wishing much to see
Th' aforesaid letter's pedigree),
Believe me, 't would a tale unfold,
Would make your Norman blood run cold.
My Lord, you'll find the K's no better
Than an interpolated letter ;
A wand'ring Greek, a franchis'd alien,
Derived from Cadmus or Deucalion ;
And why, or wherefore, none can tell,
Inserted 'twixt the J and L.
The learnèd say, our English tongue
On Gothic beams is built and hung ;
Then why the solid fabric piece
With motley ornaments from Greece ?
Her lettered despots had no bowels
For northern consonants and vowels ;
The Roman and the Greek grammarian
Deem'd us and all our words barbarian ;
'Till those hard words, and harder blows,

Had silenced all our haughty foes ;
And proud they were to kiss the sandals
(Shoes we had none) of Goths and Vandals.
So call we now the various race
That gave the Roman Eagle chase ;
Nurtur'd by all the storms that roll
In thunder round the Arctic Pole,
And from the bosom of the North,
Like gelid rain-drops, scattered forth—
Dread Odin's desolating sons,
Teutones, Cimbrians, Franks and Huns :—
But hold, 't would try Don Quixote's patience
To nomenclate this mob of nations,
Whose names a poet's teeth might break,
And only botanists could speak.
They at a single glance would see us
Rang'd in the system of Linnæus ;
Would organise the mingled mass,
Assign their genus, order, class,
And give, as trivial and specific,
Names harder still and more terrific.
But since our Saxon line we trace
Up to this all-subduing race,

Since flows their blood in British veins,
Who led the universe in chains,
And from their "sole dominion" hurl'd
The giants of the ancient world,
Their boasted languages confounding,
And with such mortal guttrals wounding,
That Greek and Latin fell or fled,
And soon were number'd with the dead ;
Befits it us, so much their betters,
To spell our names with conquer'd letters ?
And shall they rise and prate again,
Like Falstaff, from among the slain ?
A license quite of modern date
Which no long customs consecrate ;
For since this K, of hateful sound,
First set his foot on British ground,
'Tis not, as antiquarians know,
A dozen centuries ago.—
That darling theme of English story,
For learning fam'd and martial glory,
Alfred, who quell'd th' usurping Dane,
And burst indignant from his chain ;
Who slaves redeem'd to reign o'er men,

Changing the falchion for the pen,
And outlined, with a master's hand,
Th' immortal Charter of the land ;
Alfred, whom yet these realms obey,
In all his kingdom own'd no K,
From foreign arms and letters free
Preserv'd his *Cyngly* dignity,
And wrote it with a Saxon C.
This case in point, from Alfred's laws,
Establishes my client's cause ;
Secures a verdict for defendant,
K pays the costs, and there's an end on't.
The suit had lingered long, I grant, if
Counsel had first been heard for plaintiff ;
Who might, to use a new expression,
Have urg'd the plea of *dis*-possession,
And put our better claims to flight
By *pre*-, I mean *pro*-scriptive right,
Since that which modern times explode,
The world will deem the prior mode.
But grant this specious plea prevailing,
And all my legal learning failing ;
There yet remains so black a charge,

Not only 'gainst the K 's at large,
But th' individual K in question,
You'd tremble at the bare suggestion,
Nor ever more a wish reveal
So adverse to the public weal.

Dear gentle Earl, you little know
That wish might work a world of woe ;
The ears that are unborn would rise
In judgment 'gainst your lordship's eyes ;
The ears that are unborn would rue
Your letter patent to renew
The dormant dignity of *Shrew*.
The K restor'd, takes off th' attainder,
And grants the title, with remainder
In perpetuity devis'd,
To Katherines lawfully baptis'd.
What has not Shakespeare said and sung,
Of our pre-eminence of tongue !
His glowing pen has writ the name
In characters of fire and flame ;
Not flames that mingle as they rise
Innocuous, with their kindred skies ;

Some chemic, lady-like solution,
Shown at the Royal Institution ;
But such as still, with ceaseless clamour,
Dance round the anvil and the hammer.
See him the comic muse invoking
(The merry nymph with laughter choking),
While he exhibits at her shrine
Th' unhallow'd form of Katherine ;
And there the Gorgon image plants,—
Palladium of the termagants.
He form'd it of the rudest ore
That lay in his exhaustless store,
Nor from the crackling furnace drew,
Which still the breath of genius blew,
Till (to preserve the bright allusion)
The mass was in a state of fusion ;
Then cast it in a Grecian mould,
Once modell'd from a living scold ;
When from her shelly prison burst
That finished vixen, Kate the curst !

If practice e'er with precept tallies,
Could Shakespeare set down ought in malice ?

From nature all his forms he drew,
And held the mirror to her view ;
And if an ugly wart arose,
Or freckle upon Nature's nose,
He flatter'd not the unsightly flaw,
But marked and copied what he saw ;
Strictly fulfilling all his duties
Alike to blemishes and beauties ;
So that in Shakespeare's time, 'tis plain,
The Katherines were scolds in grain,
No females louder, fiercer, worse.
Now contemplate the bright reverse,
And say, amid the countless names
Borne by contemporary dames—
Exotics fetched from distant nations,
Or good old English appellations—
Names hunted out from ancient books,
Or found on dairymaids and cooks,
Genteel, familiar, or pedantic,
Grecian, Roman, or romantic,
Christian, Infidel, or Jew,
Heroines, fabulous, or true,
Ruths, Rebeccas, Rachels, Sarahs,

Charlottes, Harriets, Emmas, Claras,
Auroras, Helens, Daphnes, Delias,
Martias, Portias, and Cordelias,
Nannies, Fannies, Jennies, Hetties,
Dollies, Mollies, Biddies, Betties,
Saccharissas, Melesinas,
Dulcibellas, Celestinas,—
Say, is there one more free from blame,
One that enjoys a fairer fame,
One more endow'd with Christian graces,
(Although I say it to our faces,
And flattery we don't delight in,)
Than Catherine, at this present writing ?
Where, then, can all the difference be ?
Where ? but between the K—C— :
Between the graceful curving line
We now prefix to *atherine*,
Which seems to keep, with mild police,
Those rebel syllables in peace,
Describing, in the line of duty,
Both physical and moral beauty,
And that impracticable K
Who led them all so much astray—

Was never seen in black and white
A character more full of spite !
That stubborn back, to bend unskilful,
So perpendicularly wilful !
With angles hideous to behold,
Like the sharp elbows of a scold,
In attitude, when words shall fail,
To fight their battle tooth and nail.
In page the first, you're sagely told
" That all that glitters is not gold ;"
Fain would I quote one proverb more—
" Ne veillez pas le chat qui dort."
Here some will smile as if suspicious
That simile was injudicious ;
Because in C A T they trace
Alliance with the feline race ;
But we the name alone inherit,
C has the letter, K the spirit.
And woe betide the man who tries
Whether or no the spirit dies !
Tho' dormant long, it yet survives,
With its full complement of lives.
The nature of the beast is still

To scratch and claw, if *not* to *kill* :
For royal Cats to low-born wrangling
Will superadd the gift of strangling.
Witness in modern times the fate
Of that unhappy potentate,
Who from his palace near the pole,
Where the chill waves of Neva roll,
Was snatched, while yet alive and merry,
And sent aboard old Charon's ferry.
The Styx he travers'd, execrating
A Katherine of his own creating.
Peter the Third ! Illustrious peer !
Great Autocrat of half the sphere !
(At least of all the Russias, he
Was Emperor, Czar of Muscovy).
In evil hour, this simple Czar,
Impell'd by some malignant star,
Impos'd upon his new Czarina
The fatal name of Katarina ;
And as Monseigneur l' Archévêque
Chose to baptise her à la grecque,
'Twas Katherina, with a K :
He rued it to his dying day :

Nay, died, as I observed before,
The sooner on that very score.
The Princess quickly learnt her cue,
Improved upon the part of Shrew,
And as the plot began to thicken,
She wrung his head off like a chicken.
In short, this despot of a wife
Robb'd the poor man of crown and life :
And robbing Peter, paid not Paul ;
But clear'd the stage of great and small,
No corner of the throne could spare,
To gratify her son and heir ;
But liv'd till three-score years and ten,
Still trampling on the rights of men.
Thy brief existence, hapless Peter !
Had doubtless longer been, and sweeter ;
But that thou wilfully disturb'st
The harmless name she brought from Zerbst.
Nor was it even then too late,
When crown'd and register'd a Kate ;
When all had trembling heard and seen
The shriller tone, and fiercer mien ;
Had'st thou e'en then, without the measure

That Russian boors adopt at pleasure,
Or publishing a tedious ukase,
To blab to all the world the true case,
By virtue of th' Imperial knout,
But whipp'd the offending letter out :
She, in the fairest page of fame,
Might then have writ her faultless name,
And thou retained thy life and crown,
Till Time himself had mow'd them down.

Perhaps, my Lord, you think the storm
That needs must follow this reform,
And crown your philanthropic labours,
Will only crush your friends and neighbours ;
While you, secure from all alarms,
May brave the alphabet in arms ;
Assur'd no gathering clouds can lower
On fair Eliza's charmèd bower.
But ah ! reflect—'tis worth reflection,
On one yet unforeseen objection :
Th' enormous sureties you must find
To tranquillize the public mind.
We must suppose so wise a State

Would feel the danger to be great,
Nor such delinquents would release
Till bound in form to keep the peace ;
And not alone your simple word
Would satisfy the vulgar herd.
They'd large securities demand,
And seek them at your Lordship's hand,
Such as would drain your every coffer,
Tho' stored with all the wealth of Ophir.
Tho' lovely Nuneham's rich domains
Were wider than Arabian plains ;
Tho' Flora, portress at your gate,
Could vegetable gold create,
And, where her orange groves ascend,
Whose boughs with yellow fruitage bend,
And scatter round from countless flowers,
With each light breeze, ambrosial showers,
That fruit could change to sterling metal,
And drop a pearl from every petal
Scarce would the mighty pledge avail
To justify so rash a bail.
Shall you your wealth and credit barter,
For a dead letter's forfeit charter ?

Shall I a helping hand extend
To aid the ruin of my friend ?
Forbid it, all ye powers that bind
With potent chains the human mind ;
Forbid it, all ye powers excelling
In the deep mysteries of spelling !
And ye, who teach the sons of men
To guide with faltering hand the pen,
These solemn words record—and thou,
Harcourt's dread Earl, attest my vow ;
If e'er, an alien born and bred,
The K dare rear its mushroom head,—
Proved, as it is beyond dispute,
A consonant of ill repute,—
Within the precincts of my name,
And I admit th' unlawful claim,
May never syllable of mine
Reach the full length of Catherine !
Depriv'd of their baptismal right,
May they—uncouth to sound and sight—
Of self-disgrace an hideous pattern,
By my own hand be written—KATTERN !



EPISTLE ON THE SUBJECTS OF BOTANY,

CONTAINING A TALE AND MUCH GOOD ADVICE.

BY A LOVER OF BOTANISTS.

Humbly inscribed to Isabella Way and E. C. Fanshawe.

YE Fair ! who in this favour'd clime
Are taught t' employ, not murder, Time;
And see his reverend figure pass,
Without a wish to break his glass ;
Who, skill'd to vary each successive hour,
Embroider now, and now dissect a flower,
And scientifically know
To pull to pieces all that blow ;
And, as they lie in sad disorder,
Piecemeal, and litt'ring on the table,
Are with the more precision able
To name their genus, class, and order ;
I joy to see this gen'rous age

Unclosing Nature's folio treasure,
 Confine not to their sons the page,
But bid their daughters share the pleasure.
 I joy to see your light feet tread
 The dew-bespangled grass,
 Benignly bending as ye pass
 To raise the violet's drooping head,
Or pale-faced primrose from her lowly bed ;
 While your philosophic eyes
 With honest pride despise
A tasteless gardener's pamper'd care,
Those gaudy monsters of the gay parterre.
 I joy to see you fondly grope,
 With vasculum and microscope,
 Under bush, and under briar,
 Thro' the bog, and in the mire ;
Or, on the river's slippery bank,
 Outstretch'd upon its utmost verge,
Struggle to grasp aquatics dank
 That from its oozy wave emerge.

Daughters of Britain, persevere,
 Secure your envied places,

To science and to Nature dear,

As Muses and as Graces.

But ah ! let Caution be your guide,

Be her's the devious path to trace,

Conform to her's your sprightly pace.

Nor quit her venerable side,

Nor feed rude mirth and giddy laughter,

By leaving her to hobble after.

It grieves your Poet much to see

What perils wait on Botany,

What dangers lurk in berries blue,

In berries black, or red, or yellow,

Rough or glossy, bright or sallow ;

Berries of ev'ry shade and hue,

To those who *taste* as well as view.

Sad is the instance that's afforded,

By the first Female Botanist recorded.

Have ye not heard how Ceres' child,

Proserpina, in evil hour,

Gathering plants and flow'rets wild,

Herself a fairer flow'r,

By gloomy Dis was cropt, as poets tell,

Torn from Sicilian plains with him to dwell,
A hapless Bride, reluctant Queen of Hell.*

Or have ye read that classic story,

Unmindful of the allegory ?

Examine well the moral tale,

Unravel each mysterious part,

Divest it of the Muse's veil,

And bid it speak devoid of art.

Dame Ceres, once upon a time, 'tis said,

Was indispos'd and kept her bed ;

Had caught, perhaps, as thought by some,

A surfeit at her harvest-home.

So, rather than bestow a fee

On any neighbouring M.D.,

She sent her daughter out to find

Cheap med'cines of the rural kind.

Less fraught with skill than filial duty,

*

Not that fair field

Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,

Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain

To seek her through the world.

—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv., 268—172.

The little botanizing beauty
Went simpling to the fields of Enna,
In quest of rhubarb, bark, or senna.
Long waited the impatient Dame,
Nor Proserpine, nor Physic came,
Nor could the tongue of comfort tell
That Proserpine was safe and well.
New pains the mother's bosom fill,
She has not leisure to be ill ;
For fear has power to impart
Th' acuter sickness of the heart.

Binding up her aching head,
She springs all frantic from her bed,
And seeks each mossy dell or tangled grove,
Where haply Proserpine might chance to rove.
Wand'ring now by gushing fountains,
Fast flowing as her tears ;
Now traversing volcanic mountains,
Less hideous than her fears ;
Vainly she sought her thro' the land,
The livelong day and tedious night,
With two wax candles in her hand,

When Phœbus had withdrawn his light.*
At length a stranger comes from far,
Who tells how he had seen the maid,
In grisly Pluto's ebon car,
Just entering the Stygian shade.
In our time he would have said,
"Poor little Proserpine is dead."
The hapless parent, on the wings of love,
To high Olympus flies, and seeks redress of Jove.
If one might risk a supposition,
Said Jove was some renown'd physician.
Touch'd with the eloquence of sorrow,
He bids her call again to-morrow :
"And if," says he, "we can discover,"
And prove beyond dispute,
She has not eat of deadly fruit
The patient may recover.†
Poor Ceres' hopes were soon appall'd

* History says that Ceres sought Proserpine on the mountains of Enna, with two torches in her hand.

† Hearing Pluto has carried her off, she entreats Jupiter to get her restored, who promises to do it, in case she has tasted no fruit in Hell.

By the first witness that was call'd ;
 *Ascalaphus, a surly wight,
 The son of Acheron and Night,
 Who did depose, he saw her feed
 On the pomegranate's spicy seed.
 "To his belief," he swore by Styx,
 "He saw her swallow number six:—
 "Six grains at least, then died upon the spot,
 "And further this deponent sayeth not."
Sans perjury, a man may make,
 Tho' upon oath, some small mistake.
 This evidence, tho' not complete.
 Yet went to prove the girl *had eat*.

Ill-fated nymph, 'twas thine, perchance, to stray,
 Where poisonous weeds and deadly berries grow,
 These closed thine eyelids on the cheerful day,
 And sent thee struggling to the shades below ;
 The baleful *Luridæ*† with wizard powers,

* Ascalaphus, the son of Acheron and Night, reported she had eaten six grains of a pomegranate; whereupon Jupiter decreed she should not return.

† See Rousseau's "Letters on Botany." Letter 16th, Pentandria Monogynia.

Haply entic'd thee to their "insane root ;"

Allur'd thee to explore their specious flowers,
Or rashly taste their fatal, fatal fruit !

* *Datura* there her purple blossoms shed,
Or sad *Solanum*† hung his murky head ;
Or fell *Atropia*,‡ who presumes to claim
Of lovely woman the attractive name ;
Or *Daphne* there her sickly visage shows,
Whose pale corolla murd'rous fruits enclose.

Alas ! if these she ate,
Too certain was her fate ;
For Withering—immortal sage
Whose name shall never die,
But wither on in his perennial page,
Still flourishing, tho' dry—
Asserts that if a wolf shall be inclin'd,
Driven by hunger's pinching pain,
To eat six berries of the *Daphne* kind,§
He'd never eat again.

* See Withering, p. 118, vol. ii.

† *Ibid*, p. 124.

‡ *Atropia*, *Bella Donna*. *Ibid*, p. 126.

§ Six berries of this kind will kill a wolf. Withering, vol. ii., p. 232.

It grieves your Poet then to see
The perils that environ
This dang'rous branch of Botany,
More fatal than cold iron.

With harmless buds, and wholesome roots,
While Nature decks your bowers ;
Why should ye taste forbidden fruits
Or touch pernicious flowers ?
Such various perfume, growth and hue,
Her blooming scenes present ;
The dear pursuit may still be new,
And still be innocent.

Or, if ye must experience pain,
To render pleasure sweet,
Nor the extreme of bliss attain,
But where their boundaries meet ;
With many a safe but glorious wound
Your flowery toils may yet be crown'd ;
Ere all that sting, and all that prick us,
Be numbered in your Hortus Siccus.



ELEGY

ON THE ABROGATION OF THE BIRTHNIGHT BALL, AND
CONSEQUENT FINAL SUBVERSION OF THE MINUET.

BY A BEAU OF THE LAST CENTURY.

NOW cease the exulting strain,
And bid the warbling lyre complain ;
Heave the soft sigh, and drop the tuneful tear,
And mingle notes far other than of mirth,
E'en with the song that greets the new-born year,
Or hails the day that gave a monarch birth.
That self-same sun, whose chariot wheels have roll'd
Thro' many a circling year, with glorious toil,
Up to the axles in refulgent gold,
And gems, and silk, and crape, and flowers and foil ;
That self-same Sun no longer dares
Bequeath his honours to his heirs,
And bid the dancing hours supply
As erst, with kindred pomp, his absence from the sky.

For ever at his lordly call
Uprose the spangled Night !
Leading, in gorgeous splendour bright,
The Minuet and the Ball.
And balls each frolic hour may bring,
That revels through the maddening spring,
Shaking with hurried steps the painted floor ;
But Minuets are no more !

No more the well-taught feet shall tread
The figure of the mazy Zed ;
The beau of other times shall mourn,
As gone, and never to return,
The graceful bow, the curts'y low,
The floating forms, that undulating glide
(Like anchored vessels on the swelling tide),
That rise and sink, alternate, as they go,
Now bent the knee, now lifted on the toe,
The side-long step that works its even way,
The slow *pas-grave*, and slower *balancé*—
Still with fix'd gaze he eyes the imagin'd fair,
And turns the corner with an easy air.
Not so his partner—from her 'tangled train

To free her captive foot, she strives in vain ;
Her 'tangled train, the struggling captive holds
(Like Great Atrides) in its fatal folds ;
The laws of gallantry his aid demand,
The laws of etiquette withhold his hand.
Such pains, such pleasures, now alike are o'er,
And beau and etiquette shall soon exist no more !

In their stead, behold advancing,
Modern men and women dancing !
Step and dress alike express,
Above, below, from head to toe,
Male and female awkwardness.
Without a hoop, without a ruffle,
One eternal jig and shuffle ;
Where's the air, and where's the gait ?
Where's the feather in the hat ?
Where's the frizz'd toupee ? and where,
Oh, where's the powder for their hair ?
Where are all their former graces ?
And where three quarters of their faces ?
With half the forehead lost and half the chin ?
We know not where they end, or where begin.

Mark the pair, whom favouring fortune
At the envy'd top shall place,
Humbly they the rest importune
To vouchsafe a little space.

Not the graceful arm to wave in,
Or the silken robe expand ;
All superfluous action saving,
Idly drops the lifeless hand.

Her downcast eye the modest beauty
Sends, as doubtful of their skill,
To see if feet perform their duty,
And their endless task fulfil ;
Footing, footing, footing, footing,
Footing, footing, footing, still.

While the rest in hedge-row state,
All insensible to sound,
With more than human patience wait,
Like trees fast rooted in the ground.

Not such as once, with sprightly motion,
To distant music stirr'd their stumps,
And tript from Pelion to the Ocean,
Performing avenues and clumps ;

What time old Jason's ship, the Argo,
Orpheus fiddling at the helm,
From Colchis bore her golden cargo,
Dancing o'er the azure main.

But why recur to ancient story,
Or balls of modern date ?
Be mine to trace the Minuet's fate,
And weep its fallen glory :

To ask, Who rang the parting knell ?
If Vestris came the solemn dirge to hear ?
Genius of Valoüy, didst thou hover near ?
Shade of Lepicq ! and spirit of Gondel !

I saw their angry forms arise
Where wreaths of smoke involve the skies
Above St. James's steeple :

I heard them curse our heavy heel,
The Irish step, the Highland reel,
And all the United People.
To the dense air the curse adhesive clung,
Repeated since by many a modish tongue,
In words that may be said, but never shall be sung.*

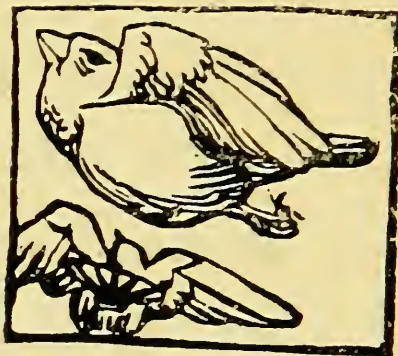
What cause untimely urged the Minuet's fate?
Did war subvert the manners of the State?
Did savage nations give the barbarous law,
The Gaul Cisalpine; or the Gonoquaw?
Its fall was destined to a peaceful land,
A sportive pencil, and a courtly hand;
They left a name, that time itself might spare,
To grinding organs and the dancing bear.
On Avon's banks, where sport and laugh
Careless Pleasure's sons and daughters,
Where health the sick, and aged quaff,
From good King Bladud's healing waters;
While genius sketched, and humour grouped,
Then it sickened, then it drooped;

* "Go to the D—l and Shake Yourself." The name of a favourite country dance.

Sadden'd with laughter, wasted with a sneer,
And the long Minuet shortened its career.*
With cadence slow, and solemn pace,
Th' indignant mourner quits the place—
For ever quits—no more to roam
From proud Augusta's regal dome.
Ah ! not unhappy who securely rest
Within the sacred precincts of a court ;
Who, then, their timid steps shall dare arrest ?
White wands shall guide them and gold sticks support.
In vain—these eyes, with tears of horror wet,
Read its death warrant in the *Court Gazette*.
“ No ball to-night ! ” Lord Chamberlain proclaims ;
“ No ball to-night shall grace thy roof, St. James !
“ No ball ? ” the *Globe*, the *Sun*, the *Star* repeat,
The morning paper and the evening sheet ;
Through all the land the tragic news has spread,
And all the land has mourn'd the Minuet dead.
So power completes ; but satire sketched the plan,
And Cecil† ends what Bunbury began.

* “ The Long Minuet,” was a once celebrated caricature by Bunbury.—W. H.

† Lord Salisbury, the then Lord Chamberlain.



I ASKED for a copy of the following verses, because Sir Thomas Lawrence had told me that they were in his mind when making his sketch for the picture of Mr. Calmady's Children. In the note which inclosed the verses, Miss Fanshawe writes :—

“I am extremely obliged to you for explaining the connection between these verses and the President's beautiful picture : it is now quite comprehensible, and of course not a little flattering. To tell you the honest truth they were struck off at once, under the impression of a strong feeling ; and while it was fresh, the lines had some merit in my own eyes, as may be seen from my venturing to show them to Sir Thomas Lawrence ; but now the bloom had so completely flown as the dust from the butterfly's gorgeous wings ; and reading them again, when you asked for a copy, it seemed as if the faults remained, and the spirit had evaporated. I would rather you would read, than give them, to your friend, Mrs. Calmady, who can desire no other worldly goods than such a picture. The misfortune is, the children will grow into men and women ; but then she will be able to say—
‘ See what they were !! ’ ”

Fragment of a letter to the Hon. Caroline Lyttelton, on her leaving London.

June, 1804.

THEN welcome lawns, and welcome shades,
And round-frock'd swains, and rosy maids;
Welcome the little merry train,
That loiter in our grassy lane ;
There, ere they cross the stile that leads
Down a slant path, through dewy meads,
To yonder vale, where humble knowledge
Founded long since a rural college,*
They chat, they play, they pick up flowers,
And spend deliciously the hours
Of morn or eve, when fresh and cool,
'Tis everywhere—except at school—
“ Oh, Caroline ! that you and I
Could draw the archness of their eye,

* There is a small endowed school at the foot of our hill, and the present schoolmaster being almost as much in repute as Mr. Lancaster, numbers of little children are sent thither from Chipstead and the adjoining villages. Most of them pass through a broad lane that parts the grounds of Shabden. They are much addicted to play, are very pretty, and sometimes have their pictures drawn at a shilling ahead.

Paint to the life the nameless graces,
That character their various faces ;
Pourtray the happiness that speaks
In the sleek dimple of their cheeks ;
And as it deeper grows, catch half
The joyous beauty of their laugh !
Oh ! could we trace with rapid lines,
A few of Nature's sweet designs,
When she has bid the little troop
Disperse in many a scattered group !
Some sitting in a sunny place,
With winking eyes and glowing face,
To count the blue bells in their lap,
Or hang them in each other's cap ;
Half blinded, but without the wit,
Poor imps ! the other way to sit."
Some, clustered on a rising bank,
Where the long grass is green and rank,
And spreading elms stand close behind,
With fragrant honeysuckle 'twined,
In shade-luxuriously repose ;
While, now a foot, and now a nose,
The sun just peeps at, as the trees

Wave their long branches in the breeze.
Then up they start, away they hie
To chase a flecker'd butterfly ;
And should they catch him, straight one sees
Their little heads, like swarming bees,
Close huddled to survey the prize ;
Nor come alone the prying eyes,
But each a busy finger brings
To help disrobe the gorgeous wings.

Alas ! our labours but burlesque,
Great mistress of the picturesque,
Nature ! thy matchless power to please,
Born of inimitable ease,
Thy brilliant tints, thy fine expression,
Thy youthful forms in soft succession,
But chief, thy fav'rite playmate wild—
The little happy village child—
Sweet subject still, however rude,
Graceful in every attitude !

Then, Caroline, let you and I
Despairing throw our pencils by.
I've wonder'd oft, and wonder'd much,
That man's presumption should be such,

As e'er to form the bold design
Of imitating works Divine.
But more I marvel, marvel most,
He proudly of success should boast,
And still the worthless copies prize,
While living models round him rise.
Nor springs from self-applause the joy
Alone, that crowns his fond employ ;
People, who never cast an eye
On the rich colouring of the sky,
The vesture of departing day,
And know not how each splendid ray
In the blue conclave melts away,
Will prate of Rubens by the hour
And seem to *feel* the magic power
Of tones harmonious, such as rule
The Flemish and Venetian school.
Mere jargon all ! Soon learnt by rote !
Cease we the Pedant then to quote,
And ask the man whom nature warms,
Genuine admirer of her charms,
Whence spring the unbidden joys that rise
From pencill'd groves, and lakes, and skies ?

How should the mockery of art
Touch the fine fibres of his heart ?
E'en though she reach not forth her hand
To seize on forms sublimely grand,
Such as on wildest beauty wait,
And yielding fancy captivate ;
But fragments, that we hourly see,
Of rustic, common scenery,
And pass them by, as little worth,
Till memory fondly calls them forth ;
These simple truths, as simply told,
Pleas'd, we remember, pleas'd, behold.
Gives memory, then, the secret charm ?
Or does simplicity disarm
The critic of his chastening brow ?
Or, rather, Nature ! art not thou
Still the bright form to which we bow ?
In every path which thou hast trod
Are seen the footsteps of a God ;
For, eldest born of Him who spake,
And bade the dust His image take—
Ere man became a living soul
To lord it o'er this goodly whole—

Thou wert—and earliest, latest, best,
Thy love is cherished in his breast ;
Therefore the meanest things that bear
Impression of a form so fair,
Or of the race that dwell with thee,
Children of sweet simplicity,
Wake in the heart some hidden spring,
And find the charm they cannot bring.
Then why, my friend, should you and I,
Despairing, throw our pencils by ?
We'll carry them to Nature's school,
And learn of her some golden rule,
Which haply to the work shall give
One glowing touch to bid it live.
Unless that stamp of life be there,
Ah ! what avails the artist's care ?
Vain is the poet's tuneful strain,
The patient sculptor toils in vain,
Truth gives the charm, and truth alone ;
Else all is paper, paint, and stone.

The lines in the above Poem between inverted commas, are those which Lawrence said he had in his mind when painting the “ Calmady Children.” Miss Fanshawe had

herself made a most exquisite drawing of some village children sitting in the sun, to which the passage is also applicable.—W. H.



O D E

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY MISS BERRY,
SENT TO HER WITH THE FOLLOWING NOTE :—

I RETURN you your Ode, my dear Miss Berry, with many thanks, and with all due apologies for having detained it so long. Believe me I no longer marvel at your enthusiastic admiration of Gray, whose spirit you have most happily infused into your admirable Poem. Indeed, his own works never charmed me so much ; for you have had the art to compress into a small compass some of his most valuable passages, and to give them an interest, a decision, and a dignity of subject, which was wanting. But it is when you venture to depart from your illustrious model, that you rise to the highest excellence, and acquire an elevation and originality, that in my humble opinion place your Muse on a far higher form in Parnassus than even his could claim.

The price of the hat is a figure absolutely new in poetry ; and as to individual character, he could not have rendered it with that truth and delicacy which we acknowledge in the portraits of yourself and Mrs. Clinton.

If in so splendid a work I could search for blemishes, perhaps one might be found in the parody of a passage, which, after all, must ever remain inimitable. I allude to these lines—

“ And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.”

When first suggesting to you the idea of composing an Ode on the model of your favourite Gray, or when you lamented at the Institution the delay occasioned by your choice of a bonnet, I little thought that you were going to immortalize your name at my instigation. This glorious circumstance gives me a sort of property in the work, by which I feel entitled to request that you would shew it sparingly, and on no account distribute any copies without license and authority from her, who has the honour to be, with sentiments of the most profound admiration, dear Madam,

Yours faithful and obliged,

May 17th, 1805.

C. M. F.

Excuse my sending my own copy instead of the original.

O D E.

L O ! where the gaily vestur'd throng,
Fair learning's train, are seen,
Wedg'd in close ranks her walls along,
And up her benches green.*
Unfolded to their mental eye
Thy awful form, Sublimity !
The moral teacher shows—
Sublimity of Silence born,
And Solitude 'mid caves forlorn
And dimly vision'd woes ;
Or Stedfast Worth, that inly great
Mocks the malignity of fate.
While whisper'd pleasure's dulcet sound
Murmurs the crowded room around,
And Wisdom, borne on Fashion's pinions,
Exulting hails her new dominions.

* The Royal Institution where the Rev. Sydney Smith was reading lectures on moral philosophy. The particular lecture alluded to in the above ode was "The Sublime."—W. H.

Oh ! both on me your influence shed,
Dwell in my heart and deck my head !

Where'er a broader, browner shade
The shaggy beaver throws,
And with the ample feather's aid
O'er canopies the nose ;
Where'er with smooth and silken pile,
Ling'ring in solemn pause awhile,
The crimson velvet glows ;
From some high benches giddy brink,
Clinton with me begins to think
(As bolt upright we sit)
That dress, like dogs, should have its day,
That beavers are too hot for May,
And velvets quite unfit.

Then taste, in maxims sweet, I draw
From her unerring lip ;
How light, how simple are the straw,
How delicate the chip !
Hush'd is the speaker's powerful voice,
The audience melt away,

I fly to fix my final choice
And bless th' instructive day.

The milliner officious pours
Of hats and caps her ready stores,
The unbought elegance of spring ;
Some wide, disclose the full round face,
Some shadowy, lend a modest grace
And stretch their sheltering wing.

Here clustering grapes appear to shed
Their luscious juices on the head,
And cheat the longing eye ;
So round the Phrygian monarch hung
Fair fruits, that from his parchèd tongue
For ever seem'd to fly.

Here early blooms the summer rose ;
Here ribbons wreathe fantastic bows ;
Here plays gay plumage of a thousand dyes—
Visions of beauty, spare my aching eyes !
Ye cumbrous fashions, crowd not on my head !
Mine be the chip of purest white,
Swan-like, and as her feathers light

When on the still wave spread ;
And let it wear the graceful dress
Of unadornèd simpleness

Ah ! frugal wish ; ah ! pleasing thought ;
Ah ! hope indulged in vain ;
Of modest fancy cheaply bought,
A stranger yet to Payne.*

With undissembled grief I tell,—
For sorrow never comes too late,—
The simplest bonnet in Pall Mall
Is sold for £1 8s.

To Calculation's sober view,
That searches ev'ry plan,
Who keep the old, or buy the new,
Shall end where they began.

Alike the shabby and the gay
Must meet the sun's meridian ray ;
The air, the dust, the damp.

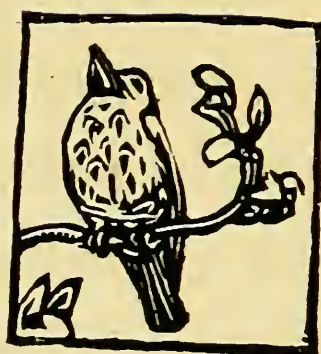
* A fashionable milliner.

This, shall the sudden shower despoil ;
That, slow decay by gradual soil ;
Those, envious boxes cramp.

Who will, their squander'd gold may pay ;
Who will, our taste deride ;
We'll scorn the fashion of the day
With philosophic pride.

Methinks we thus, in accents low,
Might Sydney Smith address,
“ Poor moralist ! and what art thou,
“ Who never spoke of dress ! ”

“ Thy mental hero never hung
“ Suspended on a tailor's tongue,
“ In agonizing doubt ;
“ Thy tale no flutt'ring female show'd,
“ Who languish'd for the newest mode,
“ Yet dar'd to live without.”



L I N E S

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ROBINSON
CRUSOE ON THE ACQUISITION OF FRIDAY.

I HAVE stood on the brink of the grave:
Savage feet have imprinted the sand ;
But an arm that was mighty to save,
Has saved in this terrible land.
How awful the silence appear'd
Of this once uninhabited plain !
When the shrieks of the dying were heard,
How I wish'd for that silence again !

But the tempest which gather'd around
Was fraught with a blessing for me ;
One victim a refuge has found,
I, Friday, a treasure in thee.
Some affection the bosom requires,
It seeks to be cherish'd again ;

This sentiment never expires,
'Tis wove in the tecture of man.

Where no human attachment can dwell,
Some favourite brute has a place ;
Ye meaner associates, farewell,
I have one of a different race.
I command, and he flies at my nod ;
I weep, and he tries to console ;
He is a man, in the image of God,
And endued with a reasoning soul.

O ye, to whom Providence sends
The domestic endearments of life,
Who, encircled by kindred and friends,
Still have room for dissension and strife ;
Could ye see the transporting delight
With which I contemplate my guest,
Those endearments ye never would slight ;
While yet of such comforts possest.

What ye now with indifference see,
Ye Nature's best gift had esteem'd ;

Had ye learnt in a desert, like me,
How lovely society seem'd ;
How ready myself I have been
Some offence to suppose from a friend !
And yet, with resentments so keen,
How unfeelingly I could offend.

But here I have learnt to repress
Ev'ry sally of passion or whim ;
For I would not my savage distress,
Or for worlds be offended with him.
Shall the horrors of solitude teach
More than civil society can ?
Must a voice in the wilderness preach,
“ That man should be tender to man ? ”

From this gloomy and desolate waste,
No way to escape could I find ;
And I thought that a gulph had been plac'd
To separate me from mankind.
Though I sat in the shadow of death
I was seen by the Father of Light ;
He who kindled my life with his breath,
Now illumines my wearisome night.

Dear beams that revisit these eyes,
Are ye sent to prepare them for day?
As the dawn first approaches the skies
With a doubtful and tremulous ray?
O, Hope, can thy visions be true?
No, Reason, the picture disowns;
Fair England arose to my view
With the hum of her populous towns.

But Hope is a dangerous guest,
For the heart will grow sick with delay;
Disappointment imbitters the breast,
And drives resignation away.
The comforts that Heaven denies
Are withheld but from motives of love;
And all tears shall be wiped from my eyes
In the blessed assembly above.

A RIDDLE.

'T WAS in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered
in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is
crown'd.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home !

In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlpool of passion be drown'd.
'Twill not soften the heart ; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah, breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING OF 1817, AND GIVING THE
ACCOUNT OF A DINNER AT SIR HUMPHREY DAVY'S,
WITH MDE. DE STAEL AND LORD BYRON.

“I have just stayed in London long enough to get a sight of the last-imported lion, Mde. de Stael ; but it was a sight worth twenty peeps through ordinary show-boxes, being the longest and the most entertaining dinner at which I ever in my life was present. The party being very small, her conversation was for the benefit of all who had ears to hear, and even my imperfect organ lost but little of the discourse :—happy if memory had served me with as much fidelity ; for, had the whole discourse been written without one syllable of correction, it would be difficult to name a dialogue so full of eloquence and wit. Eloquence is a great word, but not too big for her. She speaks as she writes ; and, upon this occasion, she was inspired by indignation, finding herself between two opposition spirits, who gave full play to all her energies. She was astonished to hear, that this pure and perfect constitution was in need of radical reform ; that the only safety for Ireland was to open wide the doors which had

been locked and barred by the glorious revolution; and that Great Britain, the bulwark of the World, the Rock which alone had withstood the sweeping flood, the ebbs and flows of Democracy and Tyranny, was herself feeble, disjointed, and almost on the eve of ruin. So, at least, was it represented by her antagonist in argument, Childe Harold, whose sentiments,—partly, perhaps, for the sake of argument,—grew deeper and darker in proportion to her enthusiasm. The wit was his. He is a mixture of gloom and sarcasm, chastened, however, by good breeding, and with a vein of original genius that makes some atonement for the unheroic and ungenial cast of his whole mind. It is a mind that never conveys the idea of sunshine. It is a dark night upon which the lightning flashes. The conversation between these two and Sir Humphry Davy, at whose house they met, was so animated, that Lady Davy proposed the coffee being served in the eating-room; so we did not separate till eleven. Of course, we had assembled rather late. I should not say ‘assembled,’ for the party included no guests but Lord Byron and myself in addition to the Stael quartetto. She has a son, who, as well as herself, speaks English with facility (when animated, however, she had generally recourse to her own tongue), and a daughter of 15, who listened in perfect silence, and an accompanying Baron, who, being my neighbour, was almost the only interrupter of my own; and, as he could not speak English, he did not say much. The extraordinary beauty of his features,

for he might serve as a model for a sculptor, was more interesting than his conversation. As foreigners have no idea that any opposition to Government is compatible with general obedience and loyalty, their astonishment was unbounded ; for the Baron de Rocca's whispers were but the echo of her thunder. I, and perhaps I only, completely relished all her reasonings, and I thought her perfectly justified in replying to the pathetic mournings over departed liberty,—‘ *Et vous comptez pour rien la liberté de dire tout cela, et même devant les domestiques !*’ She concluded with heartily wishing us a little taste of real adversity to cure us of our plethora of political health.”*

* I had some doubt about printing the above extract ; but it was so interesting to myself that I could not help thinking it might interest others. Byron was evidently playing his company character of “Childe Harold,” and not appearing as his own simple self.—W. H.



A RIDDLE.

INSCRIB'D on many a learned page,
In mystic characters and sage,
Long time my *first* has stood ;
And though its golden age be past,
In wooden walls it yet may last,
'Till clothed with flesh and blood.

My *second* is a glorious prize,
For all who love their wandering eyes
With curious sights to pamper ;
But 'tis a sight—which, should they meet
All'improviso in the street,
Ye Gods ! how they would scamper !

My *whole's* a sort of wandering throne,
To woman limited alone,
The Salique law reversing ;
But while th' imaginary queen

Prepares to act this novel scene,
Her royal part rehearsing ;
O'erturning her presumptuous plan,
Up climbs the old usurper, Man,
And she jogs after as she can.—PILLION.

SPEECH OF THE MEMBER FOR
ODIUM*

MR. COBBETT ask'd leave to bring in very soon
A bill to abolish the sun and the moon.
The Honourable Member proceeded to state
Some arguments us'd in a former debate,
On the subject of sinecures, taxes, vexations,
The army and navy, and old corporations.—
The heavenly bodies, like those upon earth,
Had, he said, been corrupt from the day of their birth ;
With reckless profusion expending their light
One after another, by day and by night.
And what classes enjoyed it? The upper alone.
Upon such they had always exclusively shone ;
But when had they ever emitted a spark
For the people who toil underground in the dark ?
The people of England—the miners and borers,
Of earth's hidden treasures the skilful explorers,

* Oldham.

Who furnish, by grubbing beneath like the mole,
All the iron and copper, the tin and the coal.
But their *minds* are enlightning ; they learn every hour
That discussion is knowledge, and knowledge is power.
Long humbled and crush'd, like a giant they rise,
And sweep off the cobwebs that darken the skies ;*
To sunshine and moonshine their duties assign,
And claim equal rights for the mountain and mine.

Turn to other departments. High time to inquire
What abuses exist in air, water, and fire.
Why keep up volcanoes ? that idle display !—
That pageant was all mighty well in its day ;
But the reign of utility now has commenced,
And wisdom with such exhibitions dispens'd.
When so many were starving with cold, it was cruel
To make such a waste of good fire and fuel.
As for Nature—how little experience had taught her
Appear'd in the administration of water.
Was so noble a capital duly employed ?

* Old woman, old woman, whether so high ?
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I will be with you again by and bye.

Ancient Poetry.

Or was it by few (if by any) enjoyed?
Pour'd on marshes and fens, which were better without,
While pasture and arable perish'd for drought.
When flagrant injustice so often occurs,
Abler hands must be wanted, and purer than hers.
Not to speak of old Ocean's insatiable needs,
Or of seas so ill plough'd they bear nothing but weeds.

At some future day he perhaps should be able
To lay the details of their cost on the table.
At present, no longer the House to detain,
He'd confine his remarks to the subject of rain.
Was it wanted? A more economical plan,
More equally working, more useful to man,
In this age of improvement might surely be found,
By which all would be sprinkled, and none would be
drown'd

He would boldly appeal to the nation's good sense,
Not to sanction this useless, enormous expense.
If the wind did but shift—if a cloud did but lower—
What millions of rain drops were spent in a shower!
Let them burst through the shackles of wind and of
weather,
Do away with the office of rain altogether.

Let the whole be remodelled on principles new,
And consolidate half the old funds into *Dew*.
Less than half was sufficient—the surplus applied
To steam and canals, would for commerce provide.
What on earth could be wanted that Dew would not
give?

Refreshment and food for all creatures that live,
Just moisture enough to promote vegetation,
And supply the demands of this vast population ;
For warmth would consummate what Dew had begun,
When clouds should no longer offusate the sun.

He hoped that the house a few minutes would
spare,

While he offer'd some brief observations on *Air*.
To plain statements he must their attention beseech,
For he never had yet in his life made a speech.
Air called for its censure, nor should it escape,
Tho' skill'd to allude any tangible shape.

Not the Sun, nor the Moon, nor Earth, Water or fire,
Nor Tories themselves, when with Whigs they conspire,
Nor Churchmen, nor Statesmen, nor Placemen nor
Peers,

Nor the Emperor Paul, nor the Dey of Algiers,

Were half so unjust, so despotic, so blind,
So deaf to the cries and the claims of mankind,
As Air and his wicked Prime Minister, Wind. }
Goes forth the despoiler, consuming the rations
Design'd for the lungs of unborn generations.
What a waste of the elements made in a storm !
And all this carried on in the teeth of Reform !
Hail, Lightning and Thunder, in volleys and peals,
The tropics are trembling, the Universe reels !
Come Whirlwind and Hurricane, Tempest, Torna-
does,

Woe, woe, to Antigua, Jamaica, Barbadoes !
Plantations uprooted, and sugar dissolv'd ;
Rum, coffee, and spice, in one ruin involv'd ;
And while the Caribbees were ruin'd and rifled,
Not a breeze reached Guiana and England was stifled.
The quality bad, and the quantity bare,
Our *life's* spent in taking or changing the Air !

Rate all that exists at its practical worth—
Twas a system of humbug from Heaven to Earth !
These abuses must cease—they had lasted too long ;
Was there anything right?—was not everything wrong?
The Crown was too costly, the Church was a curse ;

Old Parliaments bad, Reform'd Parliaments worse ;
All revenues ill manag'd, all wants ill provided ;
Equality, Liberty, Justice derided.—

But the people of England no more would endure
Any remedy short of a Radical cure.

Instructed, united, a nation of Sages
Would look with contempt on the wisdom of ages ;
Provide for the world a more just Legislature,
And impose an Agrarian law upon Nature.

FRAGMENT IN IMITATION OF
WORDSWORTH.

THERE is a river clear and fair,
'Tis neither broad nor narrow ;
It winds a little here and there—
It winds about like any hare ;
And then it takes as straight a course
As on the turnpike road a horse,
Or through the air an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore,
Have grown a hundred years or more ;
So long there is no knowing.
Old Daniel Dobson does not know
When first those trees began to grow ;
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,
As if they'd nothing else to do,
But ever to be growing.

The impulses of air and sky
Have reared their stately stems so high,
And clothed their boughs with green ;
Their leaves the dews of evening quaff,—
And when the wind blows loud and keen,
I've seen the jolly timbers laugh,
And shake their sides with merry glee—
Wagging their heads in mockery.

Fix'd are their feet in solid earth,
Where winds can never blow ;
But visitings of deeper birth
Have reached their roots below.
For they have gained the river's brink,
And of the living waters drink.

There's little Will, a five years' child—
He is my youngest boy ;
To look on eyes so fair and wild,
It is a very joy :—
He hath conversed with sun and shower,
And dwelt with every idle flower,
As fresh and gay as them.

He loiters with the briar rose,—
The blue belles are his play-fellows,
That dance upon their slender stem.

And I have said, my little Will,
Why should not he continue still
A thing of Nature's rearing?
A thing beyond the world's control—
A living vegetable soul,—
No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessed sight to see
That child become a willow tree,
His brother trees among.
He'd be four time as tall as me,
And live three times as long.

When the above lines were read to a distinguished friend and admirer of Wordsworth, she thought them beautiful, and wondered he had never shown them to her.—W. H.

CHARADE.

“COME, take your chair,
“And set it there,
“Farther from the door ;
“Pray, pray,
“Don't say nay,
“Eat a little more.”

My *first* is said ;
My *second* 's red ;
My *third* I'm sure you know ;
'Tis cousin Pat,
And brother Mat,
My Aunt and Uncle Joe.

[*Kind-red.*]

ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM THE HON. MRS. POLE
CAREW, IN WHICH SHE HAD SAID :—

“ I am very happy, and care every day less for poetry
and painting, and more for cookery and poultry.”—From
ANTONY.

BLEST be the day that on your book of life
Stamp't the fair title of a happy wife !
Blest be the hand that, arm'd with virtuous rage,
Tore thence, or cancell'd, every useless page,
Renounc'd the pomps of vanities and wit,
Poultry inscribed where Poetry was writ,
Painting (unprofitable art) effaced,
And gave to Cookery all your thoughts on taste ;
Who deck those altars, feed no transient flame,
Nor solid pudding change for empty fame.
May each revolving year your joys increase,
With added flocks of guinea fowls and geese ;
On countless eggs may ducks and pigeons sit !

And all attain the honours of the spit !
Chickens in multitudes be hatch'd, and oh !
May no chill autumn lay your turkies low ;
Their tender lives, ye felon foxes, spare !
Make them, ye poultry maids, your hourly care !
So their plump forms your Christmas feasts shall crown,
Well trussed and roasted of a lively brown ;
Boiling is spoiling ; but, if boil they must,
To insipidity itself be just.
O'er their pale limbs be creamy currants pour'd,
And the rich sauce stand plenteous on your board ;
See round your shores th' instructive lesson float,
Within the oyster, and without the boat ;
Ocean your measure, but avoid its fault ;
Nor make your sauce so thin, nor half so salt.

Happy, whom thus domestic pleasures fix,
Blest with one husband, and with many chicks.

LIBERTY.

A CONVERSATION VERSIFIED.—UGO FOSCOLO SPEAKS.

The following tri-lingual harangue was made at one of Mr. Sotheby's parties in Grosvenor Street, in the Spring of 1818, and was, the next morning, thus faithfully reported.

“ **W**HY talk of Liberty upon this earth?
All men are slave or tyrant from their birth.

To father, mother first, and what is worse

Siamo Schiavi even to the nurse.

'Tis nonsense what they talk. Do you not see,

In the whole world at all, no Liberty?

Thousand of thousand people bold and brave ;

But they must eat, *le ventre* make them slave !

The belly hunger ; and the man who fill,

He rule, he task, he tyrannise, he kill.

You who don't want the little piece of bread,

Qual cosa sia, come not in your head,

Nor what they do, the feeder and the fed. }

Take all the histories ever writ, and read 'em ;
When was equality ? and where was freedom ?
'Twas not in England when the whole was savage ;
'Twas not when civil war made all his ravage.
Those *guerres civiles* of Commons, Lords and King,
What blood, what strife, what ill, what good they bring !
How hard you fight to get your Magna Charta !
Think of poor Helots when you talk of Sparta !
And Rome ! *Ah Dieux ! quel bruit épouvantable,*
Bah ! ce n'est rien, remettez-vous à tables.
' *Je fais égorger dix mille hommes to-day,*
'Twas Sylla did it, and 'twas Sylla say.
There was a law to guard the life at Rome
Of the Padrone in his cruel home ;
If he was murdered, all the house was slaughtered,
Guilty or innocent, that nothing altered !
Les hommes, les femmes, et les petits enfans,
Tutta la casa ! tout ce qui est dedans !
Each prey on other—great fish eat the small ;—
Beast, bird, the same,—and mankind eat them all.
Some eat their little ones—three, four, five, six ;—
That animal—the mother of the Picks—
Je parle des pourceaux et de la femelle ;

Non so, in English, *comment cela s'appelle*?
L'aragna poi,—she who weaves *la sù*
Her cobweb on the *travée*, what she do?
She kill her husband on the wedding day—
She kill him dead, and thow him quite away.
'Tis very true. You see it if you look;
Or you may read the story in the book.”
“ Pardon me, sir, I scarcely comprehend
To what result your arguments would tend.”
“ *Que tout le monde* ” should labour to be free;
That every man should strive for Liberty.
Ha! are they moving all? They will not wait.
They go! *Ces dames*—perhaps 'tis growing late.”

CHARADE.

HIGGLEDY, piggledy, here we lie,
Pulled and picked, and put in a pie.
Divide us in half, and I'm sure you will wonder,
To see what a figure we make when asunder.
My *first* is snappish, and snarling, and howling ;
My *second* is busy, and active, and prowling.
But higgledy, piggledy, here we lie,
Pulled and picked, and put in a pie.—

CURRENTS. [*Cur-Ants.*]

SONNET.*

TO MY MOTHER. AUGUST, 1789.

O H thou ! who still by piercing woe pursued,
Alone and pensive, pours't thy sorrows here,
Forgive, if on thy griefs I dare intrude,
To wipe from thy lov'd cheek the falling tear.
Dear mourner think !—thy son will weep no more ;
His life was spotless, and his death was mild ;
And, when this vain delusive life is o'er,
He'll shine a seraph, whom thou lost a child.
Then, as we bend before th' eternal throne,
Oh may'st thou, with exulting accents boast,
“ Now shall my children ever be my own,
For none of those thou gavest me are lost.”
With rapture then thou'lt meet th' angelic boy,
And she who sowed in tears shall meet in joy.

* This Sonnet only recently came into my possession. It must have been written when the authoress was very young !—and I print it, as evincing more real poetic skill and feeling than any other precocious effort which I have ever happened to meet with.—W. H.

